NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MORALITY OF THE RIOT.

A SERMON BY THE REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, delivered at Ebbitt Hall, Sunday, July 19, 1863. Bemo. pp. — David C. Francis.

The thoughtful spirit and religious wisdom of this discourse will commend it to a far more numerous audience than that which listened to it with sympathy and admiration, at the time of its delivery. Free from every trace of partisan feeling, with no excitement from the terrible events of the previous week, and deeply imbued with the Christian spirit of tolerance and forgiveness, it sets forth counsels of peace and moderation, in a tone of hopeful serenity, which no provocation could disturb and no perils intimidate. The text is from the words of Jesus, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," which suggest the introduction of the Discourse as follows:

THE RIOT IN JERUSALEM.

In recalling the frightful scenes of the week just passed, and how to be as quickly as possible forgotten, as soon as the lesson of them is learned—the words of Jesus come again and again to my mind, and give the only key that opens their whole meaning. All through the week they brought thoughts. They would not be drowned by words of fear or words of vengeance. The faint, sweet voice which spoke them from the cross was nearer to my ear than the clamors of the populace, the cries of the citizens, the rattle of the musketry, or the boom of cannon. In that ancient City of Jerusalem there was one week of riot. It was instigated and conducted, for their own political ends, by men who called themselves the conscientious of government, of order and of law. The leaders and abettors of it were the Pharisees, the party of prerogative, who called themselves the high representatives of the national idea and conservative authority. The rough material that composed it was the misguided mass of the people; its victim was the child, the friend, the benefactor, the Savior of the people. The High Priest of Jerusalem might have quoted the populace, but the victim, was not popular orthodoxy, and the High Priest, vile and to keep on good terms with the High State party. Pilate, the Roman Governor, could have put the riot down in a few hours with his soldiers, had he chosen to do it; but he was in good understanding with the chief insurgents; the riot was on the whole in his interest, it was instigated by the pretended friends of the Empire—at least by those who dreaded any premature outbreak against the Empire, and who wished to keep in good color with the Roman power. Its object was to crush a man whose teaching, conduct, life, seemed likely to precipitate such an outbreak and to establish the spirit of independence which supported the people; the victim was the child, the friend, the benefactor, the Savior of the people. The High Priest, therefore, kept his regiments out of the way, and let the insurrection go on. He yielded to the pressure of the tide of repression, and after a show of reluctance, a hypocritical washing of his hands, and a sanctimonious rolling up of his eyes, gave the populace their victim, well knowing that it was his own victim too. Pilate was the governor of carrying out its own plans that was of holding the rioters carry out theirs; but they were doing his work—the work of suppressing the spirit of Hebrew liberty, and breaking the heart of the Hebrew faith. How little those people, those benefactors and haters of Jerusalem, those hard-handed, poor, cheated, simple workmen, knew of the nature of their own deed! How little they knew the men who were driving them on to this tragedy of blood! How little they knew him, the victim, the object of all this rage and malediction, at whom they were howling and shaking their fists, for whom they were demanding the cross! And had they known them, their leaders, they would have buried them beneath a mountain of curses. Had they known him, the victim, they would have taken him up in their arms of iron, and sheltered him against the utmost wrath of his enemies! And he knew it, the victim knew it well! He knew that they scored and beat him because they were ignorant and misguided, and took him to be what he was not—their foe, instead of their friend. He knew that there was nothing in their hearts of bitterness or hate against him, Jesus the man who had spent all his days in going about among them doing good. He knew that the terrible bitterness and the seething hate there was in their hearts rose fiercely against an imaginary person, whom they had been taught to associate with him; and so, when the cross-beams were laid on the ground near Calvary, and he was stretched out on them, and the brutal soldiers were driving the spikes through his hands and feet, their eyes glaring at him the while, and their poisonous breath reeking in his face, he could only pity them with a pity none but such as he could feel. At that moment, least of all, when their ignorance, their folly, their crime, their insanity was at the flight of its consummation, could anger or scorn enter his soul; at that moment, least of all, when the frenzy of their mistake was showing itself in all its horrors, could he do aught but compassionate them, and pray that they might be forgiven. And truly, in that awful tragedy, they were the ones to be compassionated, for they were the ignorant ones, the weak ones, the blind and infatuated ones; they were riding themselves of their Savior; they were crucifying their friend; they were barring against themselves the gates of heaven; they were tearing off from themselves the hands of God, they were dooming their wives and children to unspeakable misery; they were pulling down on their own heads the whole weight of the Empire from whose wrath they thought themselves escaping. Were they not to be pitied? Yes, more than their victim. He who could at such a time preserve his clearness, his calmness, his courage, his faith; he who could at such a time say those words, "Father, forgive them," with such composure, was not, even though dying a death of agony and shame, a subject for compassion. Admire him, honor him, bless him, worship him, shed tears of gratitude for the manifestation of such a soul; but do not pity him. Pity them who slew him, and in slaying him slew themselves, and hung themselves on a cross of humiliation, from which the ages have not been able to take them down! Were they bakers of goodness? It was in the name of goodness, as they saw it, that they persecuted him. Were they foes of religion? It was as the friends of religion, as they had been taught to regard it, that they toiled for the cross. Were they enemies of law and order? It was in the very cause of law and order, as they had been instructed in it, that they clamored for his blood.

The preacher continues in several impressive passages from which we quote:

CRUCIFIXION OF BENEFACTORS.

Of all the dreadful and melancholy passages in the history of human progress, none, to a thoughtful man, are more dreadful or melancholy than those which tell how men have resisted, pushed away, reviled, cursed, beaten, mobbed, crucified their benefactors. It does seem, as we read them, as if the most dreaded thing on earth had been the benefactor, the conscience, his social welfare; as if the deepest anxiety on the part of men of all sorts was the anxiety to escape from their health and salvation; as if the profoundest dread was a dread of mending their estates, and their uttermost horror was a horror of heaven! It does seem, as we read, as if happiness, prosperity, success, were the pet aversion of mankind; as if the signs that were looked for with the most agonized apprehension were the signs that the kingdom of heaven was at hand.

PREJUDICE AGAINST IMPROVEMENT.

My friends, this is not the language of exaggeration I am using; it is the language of sober truth, and it is language which loathly describes the character of the truth. All up through the stages of human progress, from the stage of lowest material to the highest spiritual improvement, we meet at every step this sickening experience. In the foreground of Kaulbach's picture of the destruction of Babel, are pounding him to death along with stones, evidently regarding his drawings as magical signs made to conjure the devil with, and charging on him the downfall of the stately tower which he is really striving to save. It is as if in the foreground of every historical picture. Thus have the laboring classes always treated the men of science, thought, humanity, who were their greatest benefactors. Kaulbach so illustrates the history of the introduction of labor-saving machinery. There can be no question—among those who look at the matter either in a philosophical aspect as a social theorist, or in a historical aspect as a student of the past—there is no question that the introduction of labor-saving machinery, of every kind and in every department of industry, has added immensely to the wealth, the comfort, the ease of the whole community, and to the class most immediately and substantially the laboring classes themselves. Yet the use of machinery, by bringing the natural forces to the aid of human toil, and hitching our wagons to the stars, as Emerson has it, has emancipated human toil from the hardest, coarsest,

most brutalizing drudgery of civilization, and transferred it to more wholesome and more lucrative fields of work. It has made these fields of work, undiscovered and unsuspected to form accessible to industry; it has led to the creation of new branches of industry and art, which instantly took up and exercised the liberated hands; it enabled the cessation to withdraw his capital from the employment of the ruder kind of manual labor, and to use it to better advantage in other ways. True fabrics were cheapened, so that the multitude could have what the few only had before; wants were multiplied, desire increased, the standard of well-being was raised throughout society; augmented supply and demand stimulated each other; the resources of Nature poured their stores of infinite bounteousness; the capabilities of man were unlocked. Instead of throwing men and women out of work, the machines multiplied work to such an extent that more men and women were called for to do it; for the machines must be made, or must be kept, supplied, manufactured into new and ever new forms; and to be manufactured into mechanism—a process which built an enormous cities and vivified into being vast populations of artisans. The mechanism, when made, must be kept up and worked by gangs and armies of operatives, camping in towns by themselves; factories must be built. Out of this grew the trade which was required to distribute these prodigious fruits of industry; the traffic on land, the commerce on the sea; the markets for carrying all the produce from place to place—banks called warehouses, banks called ships; the construction of places to receive it and label it and send it out to its destination; depots called San Francisco, New-York, Chicago, Liverpool. Wherein the end of it? There is no end. The introduction of machinery has rendered services too many for enumeration and too great for gratitude to the industrial population of the earth. There is no laborer, no farmer, no spinner, no weaver, no stocking-maker, shirt-weaver, whose existence is not less poor, barren, beggarly, precarious, short, miserable for it. And yet the misery of the toiling classes over the globe against machines that because of the most appalling natures of modern time, and has provoked uprisings of the most desperate kind. The beneficent machines have been madly broken in pieces; the inventors and owners of them have been mobbed; factories have been razed to the ground; private dwellings of rich millowners have been pillaged and burned; and the populace have been restrained only by bullets and bayonets from bringing an utter destruction on those whose wealth, enterprise, energy, opened to these very laboring people the process of indefinite occupation and indefinite well-being. "Accursed be machines!" was the cry in hovel and in street. "Each year that growing power consigns to pauperism millions of laboring people; takes away their occupation—with their occupation their earnings, with their earnings their bread." Cry under and more insensate could not be uttered. Of course it may be stifled in the blood of those who reason it, for society must not perish. Man must improve his condition; and if he will be convicted of the only at the barricades, then at the barricades he must learn it, in the spit ing of his own blood; but every day of blood is a terrible, and the sanctioned cry is a smothered prayer for forgiveness.

I have used this illustration because it is so striking. But it ignorance can thus make people disposed to curse and destroy the veiled benefactors who would enrich them with material goods, of course ignorance would dispose them all the more to curse and crucify those who would benefit them in a higher degree, whom they could even less understand and appreciate. If ignorance makes the man with inventors, how much more will it make them mad with reformers, philanthropists, redeemers, who bring an uncomprehended and altogether fabulous blessing to the social and moral estate.

After enforcing this doctrine by some personal references, Mr. Frothingham alludes to the destruction of a certain dwelling during the riot, as affording a striking illustration of the blind violence of the rioters.

ONE OF THE SACKED HOUSES.

What was this dwelling? The dwelling was one the like of which is rare in any city—a dwelling of happiness and peace—a home of the tenderest domestic affections—a house of large friendliness and hospitality—a refuge and abiding place for the unfortunate and the outcast. There was no display of wealth there—there was no wealth to display; yes the notice was full of things which no wealth could buy. It was crowded with mementoes. The pieces of furniture in the rooms had family histories connected with them; chairs and tables were precious from association with noble and rare people who had gone. Pictures on the walls, busts in the parlors, engravings, photographs, books spoke of the gratitude of poor millionaires. One room was sacred to the memory of a noble boy, an only son, who died some years ago. There was his bust in marble, there were his books, there were the prints he liked, the little bits of art he was fond of, and all the dear things that seemed to bring him back. The whole house was a shrine and a sanctuary.

And who were the inmates? The master, a man whose sympathies were always and completely with the working people, a man of steady and boundless humanity. The mistress, a woman whose name is familiar to all doers of good deeds in the city of New-York, and dear to hundreds of the objects of good deeds. To the orphan and friendless, and poor, a mother; to the unfortunate a sister; to the wretched, the depraved, the sinful, more than a friend. In the city prison her presence was the presence of an angel of pitying love; at Blackwell's Island she was welcome as a spirit of peace and hope. The boys at Randall's Island looked into her face as the face of a mother. Again and again had she rescued from the life of shame the country-woman, and possibly the kindred of those very people who plundered her house. For the better part of a year and more she has been in camp and city hospitals, nursing their brothers and sons, performing every menial office. At this moment she is at Point Lookout, doing that work, amid discomforts and discouragements that would daunt a less resolute humanity than hers, giving all she has and is to the people, to the wounded, crippled, bleeding and broken people; giving it for the sake of the people—giving it that the people may be raised to a higher social level! And she, forsooth, must be selected to have her house pillaged! She must be stabbed to her heart of hearts, stabbed through and through, in every one of her affections, by these people for whom her life had been a perpetual process of dying! Why, if they had known that she had been toiling for, up to a tenth part of it, those men would have defended her with their bodies every thread of the carpets she trod on. But so it is, and so it must be! Only the best names are ever taken in vain on human lips, and they are taken because they are the best; and best is worst to those who cannot understand it.

He thus alludes to popular misconceptions of the war.

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF THE WAR.

We must make allowance, too, for the depth of the ignorance among the working-classes, especially among foreigners, in regard to the war, its cause, its origin, its principles, its purposes, the ends for which it is prosecuted, the issues toward which it is pressed. Ignorance respecting the creed and spirit of the Administration. It is an ignorance that pervades the world, that fills England and France, that possesses a large portion of our own citizens, whose education, mental habit, or social position, blind them to what we think the real nature of the struggle in which we are plunged. How much more is it likely to press and harm among our own citizens, who will persist in saying, and saying precisely to those misguided and unintelligent men, that the war is waged on purely partisan principles. Why, then, should the opposition of these cattle in us so much surprise? Oh, the fearful extent to which they have been misled by the rockiest men who rule the politics of our country! It makes me sick to think of it. If there were such a war for the working-classes, this is one; it is a war for them and their prosperity; it is a war for their welfare, for the dreariest proximity to penury and hunger. "Too poor to have slaves," say, "—it is regarded as the final condition of a nation. Wherever there are hills, there must be valleys, and John Bull has got to believe that his civilization, his importance, and above all, his wealth, are somehow identified with the existence of an aristocracy; his subordination to the ruling powers. He points incidiously to America as an illustration of the result of popular institutions, ignorantly or willfully ignoring the fact that it is the antagonism element that the work of ruin.

"This Gathering of English nature (in part the result of the French alliance) is perceptible in all ranks of society. You find the magazines and essayists commenting on the notable change that is coming upon the feet of social relations generally—the willingness to believe what is patent to all foreigners, that aristocratic rule has anything to do with them. Aristocracy is part of English nature.

"The shopkeepers and middle class generally love ease and money-making, and are mainly indifferent to anything that does not concern their pockets; the aristocracy want the power, attracting the preponderance of talents to their side by the inspiration of place and position, and the great bulk of the people live and die in the dreariest proximity to penury and hunger." But there is one fact which, I regard as the final condition of a nation. Wherever there are hills, there must be valleys, and John Bull has got to believe that his civilization, his importance, and above all his wealth, are somehow identified with the existence of an aristocracy; his subordination to the ruling powers. He points incidiously to America as an illustration of the result of popular institutions, ignorantly or willfully ignoring the fact that it is the antagonistic element that the work of ruin.

But there is no cause for discouragement, for distrust of

THE GREAT PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN LIBERTY.

And let me not, let us not, for anything that has

happened in these few terrible days, let us not for a moment lose faith in our republican institutions, in our democratic ideas, in our great principles of human liberty. I hear already the shout of derision that will be raised against us; I hear already the prophecy that our North American civilization is a failure, and is coming to its end. But we know it is not. We know that to these principles and these alone our safety has been due thus far, and that by bringing them to greater perfection, by extending them, our safety will be the secured eternally. We know that our danger springs not from the unruly elements in human nature, not from the emancipation of the masses, not from full enfranchisement of the populace, but from the natural and fatal alliance of reaction and class rule; not from too much freedom, but from too little freedom. Can you wonder then, that an aristocracy of slaveholders finds sympathizers in Great Britain? That the native is in many respects inert and dead to nobler inspiration.

There's the Polish question, to wit, which may yet embrace all Europe. The Lords are averse to the re-construction of the nationality of that unfortunate nation, and Earl Russell decides that "under no circumstances" will England resort to arms to effect it. Democratic France is honest in its sympathies. Not so its ruler, who, of course, has his own ends to serve, and his own prison to cause. Up to the event that, Louis Napoleon has unquestionably beaten the revolutionary moment. The Progressive party (which administered such a notable rebuke to him in the Paris elections) now demands that he shall put himself at the head of it, or take the consequences. The occupation of the capital by France (telegraphed this morning) will no satisfy the French Republicans. Their organs have all pronounced against them, and the Anglo-Austrian alliance. It will hardly help them, for the popularity of the first Napoleon—that Europe must become Cossack or Republican; that Pan-slavism or Democracy is inevitable, and was desirous of precipitating the struggle. France committed to Poland, what may then not happen. For England, the democrats affect a contempt of her power, asserting that Russia feels the like, and would treat her remonstrances in behalf of the Poles with utter scorn but for the Gallic alliance and French bayonets. In the mean time there is a good deal of loose sympathy expressed here for the gallant revolutionists, based principally on their historical associations and impressions of an independence of Warsaw. It will hardly help them, for the popularity of the first Napoleon—that Europe must become Cossack or Republican; that Pan-slavism or Democracy is inevitable.

T. B. G.

FROM ENGLAND.

Withdrawal of Roebuck's Motion for the Recognition of the Rebel Government—Increase of Emigration—British feeling toward America—Gallicization of England—the Rich and the Poor—the Polish Question—the Relative Positions of France and England on the Subject—the Brazil Imbroglio—New Zealand—the Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales—Wimbledon and Aldershot, &c., &c.

Mr. Roebuck's motion for the recognition of the Confederate States (I give it precedence of the many topics I shall have to speak of in this letter, as the stalest and smallest—yet one demanding some comment) is shelved for the session. In American parlance, he has fairly backed out. He did it, as he does everything, characteristically and bitterly, girding equally at the "official arrogance" of the Ministry and the "cono" and "obloquy" with which he—of what many!—had been assailed by the small but earnest minority who, in the British House of Commons, champion American nationality. After about half an hour's debate the order for the motion was discharged. It will hardly be resumed, as in all probability you, in America, will have fought out the question before another session affords an opportunity for the Anglo-Confederates to organize another attempt. Nobody, indeed, expected much to come of it, the general impression, both of members and the public, being that with Lee and a hundred thousand soldiers in Pennsylvania, and Meade hurrying to give them battle, those who talk at about American affairs at this distance did so at the risk of stultifying themselves. A tolerably sound conclusion. We have now news of the three days fight at Gettysburg; and, as you all have so eagerly regarded as a Northern victory. The Tory press waits further advices, significantly suggesting that all those received are of Northern origin, while our friends of The Star and the Diamonds, who had taken up a "glorious repulse" to the Rebels. Of course, the popular expectation here was that embodied in the big cut of this week's Fun—a penny imitation of Punch—in which a diabolical figure of Mr. Lincoln is represented as "throwing up the cards" in cowering dismay, under the mournful regards of a triumphant Confederate officer, his breast emblazoned with apocryphal "honors." Fun, by the way, is now owned by the proprietors of Punch. Unlike its many predecessors' rivalry, it had excitement enough to warrant this purchase. Probably the Punch men use it as their waste-paper basket.

Apropos of matters in which you have a direct interest—emigration is upon the increase—already twice as many persons have expatriated themselves from the British islands during the past six months as in the year 1862. Observe also its distempered anxiety of our legislators that this stream of labor should be diverted into any channel but its natural one—the Unite States. In the eyes of these gentlemen, every mechanic, every agricultural laborer is a possible Federal recruit. It would be humorous were it not provoking to discover how firmly this idea has taken hold of the popular mind; everywhere in England you find it assumed that the armies of the North are mere mercenaries—scum, the scrap and hot-bait—while those of the South must be Americans, fighting against the invaders of their homes, wives and children. Very much of this is directly owing to Southern inspiration, or the echo of the real about "chivalry," familiar in so far western a years as your side of the Atlantic. John Bull has unconsciously donned the cast-off rags of American dough-faced Democracy and adopted its obsoleteness, the Pewter-Mug beats us this in the favor of British aristocracies. I wish these gentlemen of England who live at house at ease and ignore their telescopic philanthropy as re Uncle Tom's Cabin, could be favored with the spectacle of a company of Rebel soldiers, drawn up, say in farming dress, in the immediate vicinity of Trafalgar Square. If they did not a trick and shudder and receive a very much needed lesson I should be surprised.

Reverting to subject of emigration, a Mr. Childers proposed, the other night, in the House of Commons, a motion for the wholesale deportation of the distressed Lancashire operatives to New South Wales and the adjacent colonies. Rather a comprehensive idea, and considering the nature of the labor the men are accustomed to, and that used in a new country, one apparently only calculated to afford them the alternative of "clemming" at the antipodes. As matters facilitation is hardly to be controlled by acts of legislature, as it of the weavers so do emigrate will probably choose their own destination. Of the sore and terrible poverty lying at the root of Great Britain's greatness. I am impressed myself by the great increase of the crime of infanticide, of which the Coroners' returns (recently published in The Times) furnish current witness. The difficulty of proving it, the unwillingness of juries to convict and to consign the wretched criminals to punishment offer dangerous impunity. Over-population produces the same results as in China. Generally, in England, a large family is spoken of as a misfortune; I have heard this deplored in casual conversation, and the advantages of sterility adjudged in a comic song. Under the keen pressure of competition, the "struggle for life" is when three men are trying to occupy the standing-room of one, the notions home nurture appear to me to be in danger of deterioration. Man will insist on happiness, or some approximation toward it.

Pecuniarily and especially London, is becoming Gallicized. Indulgence of the present with a disregard of or indifference to higher considerations seems to be the rule. Go to any of the splendid concert-halls of this overgrown metropolis, you shall find it crowded nightly with young men who have not a shilling (squared harmoniously and all desire for a home for "fast" (and loose) indulgence, while their female companions are evidently neither wives nor sisters. Nor is this physical epicureanism confined to such a last inter money, an inclination to exalt success into the standard of right, is not rife here as it was in New-York, just before the Rebellion—which is saying a good deal. Still worse, the pressing of the terrible social wrongs and misery underlying it too much as a matter of course, refusing to believe that is patent to all foreigners, that aristocratic rule has anything to do with them. Anteority is a part of English nature.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—JULY 29.

1,000 U. S. 6s, '81, Reg....105½			300 N. Y. Cent. RR.......111½			

(commercial tables and stock listings)

WEDNESDAY, July 29—P. M.

The Stock market was very active and buoyant at the morning session, with considerable excitement in some descriptions. The speculative spirit appears to be increasing, and new parties are formed every day to move certain stocks. The movement was well distributed, but Harlem, Southern Michigan and Alton and Terre Haute were especially active and buoyant. Harlem advanced to 125 under the purchases of parties who had information of the lifting of the injunction against laying tracks in Broadway, but was afterward a little weaker. Central felt the upward impulse, and went 126. Hudson River and Pacific Mail continue quiet, but it is rumored will be heard from soon. Quicksilver sold as high as 50, against 58 yesterday. It is understood that the two contesting parties for this mine have arrived at an amicable understanding. In the Western shares the advance was general. Terre Haute and Alton was the favorite, the Common shares advancing 4½ and the Preferred 3 ℣ cent.

The business of the Sub-Treasury was: Receipts, $7,276,553 31; for Customs, $281,000; Payments, $5,263,426 88; Balance, $27,467,190 70.

The earnings of the Terre Haute and Alton Road for the 3d week of July were:

Passengers..............	$9,765 90
Freight................	19,705 84
Mails..................	254 00
Total.................	$29,725 74
Same week of 1862.....	14,409 78
Increase about 50 per cent....	$15,315 96

The following is a statement of the earnings of the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Railway for the week ending July 21, 1863:

	1863.	1862.
Freight...............	$15,242 43	$22,459 00
Passengers............		
Mails and Rents.......		
Total.................	$16,242 43	$22,459 00
Decrease, 1863........	21,471 02	

The rates for call loans remain 5-6 ℣ cent, but money is freely offered to the first-class brokers at 5 ℣ cent, and the banks are looking at the same rate. The market is steadily growing easier, and encourages speculation.

Gold has been rather steady at 127¼@127½ to-day, and closes at 127½@127½, ℣ cent since the closing price of yesterday.

The subscriptions to the Five-Twenty bonds, to-day, exceed the subscriptions of any day for several weeks. The amount is $2,323,350, of which $1,458,850 are subscriptions direct, and $870,050 through agents. The deposits on temporary loan are $376,057. The Secretary of the Treasury, who is now in the city, has given notice that subscriptions to the 5-20 years s×res will be received as heretofore, until ten days' notice is given of discontinuance.

Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, is now in the city on private business, but has announced, as might have been anticipated, that the conversion of greenbacks into five-twenty bonds will be continued after the 31st inst. until ten days' notice has been given of discontinuance. The engravers are briskly employed upon the three-year bonds, the first issue of which, we are unofficially informed, will be a legal tender for the face. These notes will be a practical increase of the currency until the interest has accumulated to some extent.

Messrs. W. G. Steele and J. Boyd Headley have formed a house at No. 12 Wall street, for the transaction of business in Government securities, stocks, &c.

The following is a statement of coal transported on the Delaware and Hudson Canal:

(coal transport table)

Judge Brady to-day dissolved the injunction preventing the Harlem Railroad Company from laying tracks in Broadway.

The following sales of stocks and bonds were made to-day at the Merchant's Exchange by A. H. Muller, P. R. Wilkins & Co.:

(list of sales)

The People's Fire Insurance Company will pay on the 3d August a semi-annual dividend of 3 ℣ cent, free of tax. The Leather Manufacturers' Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of 5 ℣ cent, free of tax, payable on the 1st of August. The Bank of America will pay, on presentation, the past due coupons on bonds of the City of Covington issued to the Covington and Lexington Railroad Company. The first mortgage bondholders of the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Railroad Company are notified to deposit their bonds with Chas Moran, No. 10 Wall street, trustee of the road.

The exchanges at the Clearing-House to-day were $17,511,122 25.

The steamer Persia for Liverpool took $165,565 in specie.

The Oil City Register, in its review of the oil trade for last week, says:

(oil trade report)